THE FAMILY STORY

DADDY JOHN'S NEW CLOTHES

THERE had been a royal fire in Daddy John's cabin, and there was still a great bed of glowing coals when his daughter Liz called him to dinner. Daddy warmed his thin, blue hands at the fire and the sweet smell of the corn pone and the fragrance of the coffee were very pleasant to him. His old, wizened face wrinkled into something meant for a smile.

"The doctor woman's bar'l hes come!" he said.

"I seen it on Jule Fraley's wagon," replied Liz, her dark, weather-beaten face lighting.

"Come an' eat dinner, dad," she added.

"I'm a-comin'," quavered the old man, tottering forward and pulling along an old splint chair.

"Whar's thet piece er saddle blanket?" he croaked.

"I hed it er ridin' Pomp," declared Bud.

"You git it mighty quick," said his mother.

Bud brought a tattered sheepskin which the old man carefully folded in the chair and then sat down.

That part of Daddy John's apparel which came in contact with the sheepskin was so attenuated as to fabric that the interposition of the worn fleece was most comforting.

"I've got ter hev some new cloes, Liz," said Daddy, presently.

She looked at Bud.

"Bud wants some new clo'es powerful bad, too, but he eats sech a heap, 'pears like I cayn't never git him noan."

"Bud kin git erlong," said the old man, testily.

"Don't you reckon the doctor woman's got clo'es in her bar'l?" asked Liz.

"I reckon. But mebby ther ain't nary thing fer me."

"Ef you should go up thar——"

"I ain't er goin'," interrupted the old man, almost angrily. "Doctor woman's al'ays been good ter we uns an' I don't aim ter ax her fer ary thing."

His feeble hands trembled as he took up his torn hat.

"She got plenty of everything," said Liz, sullenly.

"It don't differ. I ain't goin'!"

Daddy John went out.

"Dad al'ays wus er fool!" mused Liz, as she lit her pipe.

"You go an' help yer grandad pick up taters," she called to Bud.

Bud, sauntering lazily toward the potato bank, saw somebody swinging along the mountain toward the cabin.

"Thar's the doctor woman's nigger er comin' atter you, grandad," he called.

Daddy John set his spade down hard and leaned forward on the handle.

"Comin' atter me? You'se a plum idjit, Bud."

But he stared from under his shaggy brows and breathed hard as the handsome yellow woman came up.

"Howdy, Sally!"

"Howdy, Daddy John. Bankin' up yer taters?"

"I reckon."

He was shaking all over and felt sick.

"Got some permaters yit, daddy? Gi' me some! I want a permater pie, I does."

"Yis, yis," said the old man, shortly.

"Doctor wants you to come up thar, daddy. She's got sumfin fer you'se outen her bar'l."

"Yessum. I'll come atter I gits my taters done banked up."

Sally started off with her tomatoes.

"Tell her I'm obleeged to her," called daddy's cracked voice.

"What my missis wants to throw away good clo'es on that pore white trash fer, I don't know," grumbled Sally. "Me and Jake could er make use o' all o' them things."

Daddy John went on with his work.

"Ain't yer er goin', grandad?" cried Bud.

"Yis, I'm er goin' right now."

He toddled off to the cabin, washed his hands at the porch and dried them on a bit of burlaps. The doctor was watching for the old man. He gave a queer pull at his tattered hat brim as he came near.

"Howdy, Daddy John! I'm right glad to see you. Come in!"

He stood at the edge of the hearth, gazing at the barrel. The doctor smiled.

"Your hat is getting pretty old, daddy. The brim is torn and there's such a big hole in the crown!"

"Yessum. Hit's plum worn out, sure 'nuff."

"Never mind," said the doctor. "I have such a nice cap for you," showing it to him. "Made of soft fur and with ear lappets to tie down."

The old face altered. It lost ten weary years.

"Try it on, daddy! Now, is it not nice? You won't freeze your poor ears this winter."

"No, ma'am! Thank'ee, ma'am. I reckon I'd better go now."

"Wait a bit. You need some shoes daddy. Here are some—good ones."

"Mighty fine shoes, mighty fine," mumbled the old man.

"Now, you need some soft warm socks. Here they are. You want to put them on, don't you? Come in here. And now I must go—go—oh, yes—go to feed my chickens. But there's one thing more. Here is a nice pair of trousers!"

"Doctor!"

"It's all right, Daddy! They will just fit you, I'm sure."

Such a droll figure awaited the doctor's return. A little gray old man, his small spindle legs rattling around in the fine black trousers, his ragged, faded calico shirt abashed in such company. He looked at her speechless, his wrinkled face working.

She smiled at him.

"I have a vest here for you, Daddy, and I'll give you a clean white shirt to take home."

"Doctor!" the old man gasped. "I cayn't——"

"Don't worry, Daddy. Try on the vest."

He put it on, tugging weakly at the buttons.

"Jest what I needed," he muttered, huskily.

"You look very nice, Daddy. There's only one thing more, and here it is—the finest, warmest coat in Buncombe County."

She held it up by the shoulders and drew it on.

"Now, is not that a lovely coat?"

He stroked the soft cloth gently, pulling at the fronts with his stubby fingers.

"It's lined with silk," said the doctor. "Daddy, I shouldn't know you."

He looked down at himself in a dazed way. Then he started.

"I'd better go home now," he said, hurriedly. "I never had nary suit o' clo'es afore. God bless ye, doctor."

He caught her hand.

"I'm so glad to give them to you, Daddy," she said softly, with tears.

The next day Jule Fraley came up to mend the roof and while he warmed himself at the fire he told the story of Daddy's return home.

"We wuz a pullin' corn, me an' Liz an' Bud, an' I see the old man er comin' down the hill, an' I says: 'Look yon, Liz! Is thet yer dad?'

"'Naw!' says Liz. "Thet ain't dad. Looks like ole Preacher Freeman.'

"Sure nuff—he did look pint blank like ole Preacher Freeman. An' we watched 'im tell he crossed the branch, an' when he clim' up the bank he staggered a bit—yer know daddy's mighty onstiddy on his legs—an' I knowed who hit was, an' I said:

"'Tis yer daddy, Liz.' An' Liz were plum outdone 'at she didn't know her own daddy," concluded Jule, indulging in one of those silent laughs peculiar to his kind. He went up on the roof presently and the doctor came out to overlook the work, always charmed into lingering by the wonderful beauty of the landscape. The house sat upon one of the foothills of the great Appalachian range, east of the French Broad. Looking west one saw a wooded, undulating country, rolling away to the valley and there stayed by the massive wall of a great mountain that rose far into the blue. Along the mountain side the railroad made its way over high trestles and red clay embankments, and at times one caught the sound of the whistle, the rumble of wheels and saw the train rush along, small in the distance like a child's toy. All at once there was a shout and at the same instant a shot rang out.

"Thar's a convict got off," cried Jule, when the doctor appeared. "I saw him jump off the train."

The doctor shivered.

"And they didn't stop?"

"Why, no, but the guard fired on him. They'll send a party back when they gits to Biltmore, an' offer $100 reward fer him, likely. Don't I wish I c'd git it."

"Will he get caught, do you think?"

"I reckon. They gin'ally does. He's tuk ter the woods now. They al'ays does when they makes a break. But he'll git an outing, anyhow. Dog-goned ef I blame 'im."

"Mr. Farley, where do they go when they escape like that?"

"They lays in the woods. Mebby they know niggers that'll feed 'em and give 'em clo'es. They're al'ays in a mighty hurry to git shet o' their striped suit, an' ef they do sometimes they git away fer good."

Daddy John came once to visit the doctor, wearing his new clothes, and then he paid visits to all his kinsfolks and old neighbors, and the queer, pathetic figure in the fine black suit, weakly climbing over the hills, became a familiar sight.

Then one night a terrible calamity befell, and the next morning it was known all over the settlement that "Daddy John's new clo'es 'at come in the doctor woman's bar'l had been stole."

Horsemen riding to town drew rein and discussed the theft for hours. Every other woman put on her sunbonnet and called on her next neighbor, and then the two went together to see Daddy John. So it happened that when the doctor arrived she found the house so full that two of the women rose and sat on the floor to offer her a chair. There was a curious stillness in the house. One of the women whispered:

"Hit's just like a buryin', only thar ain't no corpse."

Daddy John was sitting by the fire, huddled together, the picture of misery.

"I've lost my new clo'es," he quavered.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy John," said the doctor, taking his hard, bony hand.

"I never had no new clo'es afore," he croaked, piteously.

A few frosty tears dropped on his grizzled cheek. Liz took up a corner of her apron and wiped her eyes. All the other women dipped snuff.

"They wuz sech fine clo'es!" mused the old man. "The coat hed a silk linin'. Doctor said it war silk. An' the purtiest buttons!"

"An' them clo'es could a' ben fixed up fer Bud when dad got done with 'em," said Liz.

The old man paled with sudden passion.

"I ain't er goin' ter git done with 'em!" he said, in a high voice. "Bud shan't hev 'em. Doctor woman give 'em ter me. I never hed no new clo'es afore. But I ain't got 'em now. They're stole."

He broke down into tearless sobs, that shook the old chair.

"Don't cry, Daddy!" all the women called in unison, and they shed a few perfunctory tears and passed the snuff-box around.

"You don't use terbacco in any form, do yer, doctor?" asked one.

The doctor admitted that she did not, and they looked steadily at her, trying to realize the phenomenon. Weeks passed and Daddy still crooned over the fire in utter dejection. Old age, poverty and loneliness, unhappy trio, were his sole companions. It was now believed that the clothes would never be recovered.

Out in the woods one frosty morning a heavy foot crushed into the dead leaves, and a big chestnut, falling, struck the owner of the foot on the nose.

He raised his black face toward the treetops.

"Hi! Dey's drappin' all de time now, an' deys a heap better'n co'n."

He sat down in his tracks and filled his pockets and shirt-front, eating voraciously the while.

"Reckon I'd better be gwine now," he said presently.

Rising, he picked his way, like a cat, through the underbrush, climbing constantly till he reached a spot where a huge bowlder cropped out and overhung the mountain side. Its crest commanded the whole valley, and its shelving underside made a cozy shelter. Thick pines crowded up and concealed the entrance. The convict had been so sharply hunted that he had been unable to escape from the neighborhood, and it was in the boldness of desperation that he had chosen his retreat so near the State road that he could hear the voices of the country folk as they passed to and from town.

He sat down to cogitate. "Ef I could git word to Rosy, or git to Rosy, I'd be all right; but, Lordy! I can't do nary one on 'em."

The train whizzed out from a cutting and whistled sharply as it tore along. The negro grinned with pleasure. He was so much a savage that this nomadic existence, though hunted and tortured by fear, was sweet to him.

"Howdy, gemmen!" he chuckled, as, peering through the pine boughs, he recognized some of his fellow-convicts on the train. "Don't you wish you was me? Plenty grub, heap o' new clo'es and no work to do. Ho, ho!"

He rose and drew out a bundle, undid it, viewed its contents with a series of laughing explosions, and then presently doffed his striped suit and arrayed himself anew.

"Mighty fine clo'es fer a fac'; cost a heap o' money."

He softly patted his limbs, twisted his neck to get a glimpse of his back, and creased all his black face into one big smile. A mirror would have made his rapture perfect.

"Rosy won't know me in dese yere. She'll tek me fer a preacher jest from confunce."

He changed back to his striped suit and tied up his bundle. A sharp wind sprang up and drove before it icy drops of rain.

"Golly!" muttered the darky. "Ain't it cold? I'll resk a fire arter dark."

Down to the doctor's farm everybody was hurrying to get the crops under shelter. The last load had gone in when Jule Fraley looked up at the sky. The clouds were rolling up like a curtain, showing the far mountains a deep, intense blue etched with an amber sky.

"Durned ef it's going to storm, after all," said Jule.

Suddenly he straightened himself.

"Bud!" he called sharply. "Look yon—on the mountain. Ain't thet smoke?"

Bud could see as far as an Indian.

"Yes. Thet's smoke."

"Ther' ain't no house thar?"

"Naw. Nary house."

Jule walked away briskly.

Two hours later five men parted the umbrageous pines and tip-toed cautiously toward a small opening under a great rock on the mountain side. A whiff of warm air stole out to them. A great bed of coals glowed redly, and, with his feet to the fire, a negro in convict dress lay sound asleep. The men had their guns ready. One pointed his piece upward and a shot tore through the tree tops. The negro was on his feet in an instant.

"We've got you!" said one.

He looked from one to the other and his dark face grew a shade lighter.

"I surrender, gemmen!" he said, calmly.

Shortly after this event Daddy John reappeared in his new clothes. He wore them almost constantly for a few weeks, and then they were suddenly retired from public observation, and Daddy went about looking as if the scarecrow in the cornfield had stepped down from his perch and toddled off to seek winter quarters. The doctor was puzzled. When, at last, she questioned Jule Fraley, Jule shook his head mysteriously.

"I reckon I kin tell yer ef yer won't be put out about it."

"Well, well! Do so!"

"I reckon," in a hushed voice, "'at he's keepin' of 'em ter be buried in."—New York Tribune.

Insects on Hawaii.

Prof. Albert Koebele, of California, has made a three years' contract with the Hawaiian Government to destroy the insect pests of the islands. His method is to get insects harmless to man to kill noxious insects.

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Daybreak at Appomattox.

Virginia's hills at break of day—
On arms in fitful slumbers lay
The armies of the blue and gray—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
The bugle's welcome to the morn
Awakes the legions battleworn
And stirs the colors soiled and torn—
Daybreak at Appomattox.

The troopers to their saddles leap:
The gunners from the caissons creep;
The bristling rifles forward sweep—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
The blue are mustered on the hills,
The gray beside the valley's rills,
And soon the sound of battle thrills—
Daybreak at Appomattox.

The cannons loud defiance roar;
A storm of hail the rifles pour;
The dewy grass is red with gore—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
But see; The sunshine cleaves the sky;
A glad "Stop firing!" is the cry;
A welcome sign is drawing nigh—
Daybreak at Appomattox.

Then out beyond the fields of green
The waving flag of white is seen
Above the line of battle's sheen—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
Shout, shout, ye braves! The war is past;
The dawn of peace has come at last,
With love to bind the nation fast—
Daybreak at Appomattox.
—Washington Star.

Stopped for Breakfast.

"Charging is the last resort of brave but baffled commanders," said a critic of military affairs, "and it almost always results disastrously."

"Thirty-one years ago the affairs of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia were desperate enough to warrant its brave commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, to resort to charging. So it came to pass on the morning of the 25th day of March, 1865, he made a break through the Union lines and opened the way to City Point, which, if he could have reached and held, would have prolonged the civil war for at least another year.

"The preliminaries were well arranged. First of all a hundred men appeared in front of our picket line, and announced themselves as North Carolina deserters. They were all armed, but the officer in charge of our pickets welcomed them and told them to bring in their guns, as Gen. Grant had recently issued an order commanding his quartermasters to pay for all guns brought in from the rebel ranks. So this hundred of armed men were graciously invited to march in behind our pickets. When once there they turned suddenly upon the astonished Union troops and requested them to surrender in words too impolite to print. And the picket had no choice but to obey.

"In the rear of the picket line stood Forts Haskell and Stedman, garrisoned by the Fourteenth New York artillery, several of whom belonged in Utica. In the early dawn of that mild March morning the sleeping members of the Fourteenth were awakened by the sharp 'Yi yi!' of the rebel troops, who pounced in upon them 10,000 strong or more. They were under the command of Gen. William Mahone, of Virginia. After capturing the Fourteenth they were expected to move forward to City Point.

"But here an obstacles arose that neither Mahone nor Gen. Lee had foreseen. That obstacle was our supplies of food. It was utterly impossible to get the Confederates, who were actually starving, beyond our soft bread and coffee, our fresh beef and salt pork. The whole body paused and went to eating, drinking and making merry, without regard to the conculsion of that well-known saying, 'For to-morrow we die.' It was all in vain that Gen. Mahone threatened and swore and coaxed his men. They simply would not stir till they had satisfied their appetites.

"This pause was the salvation of the Union army. It enabled not only the majority of the Fourteenth to escape from their captors, but the other divisions of the Ninth corps to come to their relief; so that when the rebels were ready to advance they found their way blocked, and they were compelled to retire from the scene of their victory and their breakfast table back to Petersburg, badly beaten, and carrying with them nothing but full stomachs.

"The foregoing is a brief but truthful account of Gen. Lee's last charge. In a little more than a week from that day he evacuated Richmond and Petersburg, and in less than another week he surrendered his entire army to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant."

The Soldier's Mother.

One of Lincoln's old friends tells how he once went to Washington during the war to persuade the President to take better care of himself. "I told him," he says, "that he must take more rest or he would die. I told him how thin and hollow-eyed and weak he looked, and that he couldn't go on this way long without serious result. I told him to work fourteen or sixteen hours a day if he must, but to have some definite and regular time in which to rest, when he would be absolutely alone. When I had finished he smiled wearily and said: 'Yes, I know that all you say about me is true, and it may kill me, but it can't be helped.

"'Now, let me tell you what happened only last night, and then you can tell me what you would have done under the same circumstances. I was worn out and had determined to rest. I gave orders that I would see no one, but a guard told me that there was an old woman outside who had been waiting to see me for a long time. I had her brought in, and she told me her story while wringing her hands, and in a voice so full of tears she could scarcely speak. Her son was a Union soldier. He had been South for several months, and had been in battle. His regiment had returned and was in camp near Washington. He had asked permission to visit his mother, and had been refused. He slipped away from camp for a day, saw his mother, and then tried to get back. He was arrested before he got inside the lines, with the result that he was ordered to be shot at sunrise. She wanted pardon for the boy, and she had barely time to get to the camp and save his life. And I gave her a written order that sent her away the happiest old woman in the world, and I suppose the boy is alive to-night and his mother is thanking God for his deliverance. And, now what would you have done? Would you have refused to see the old woman because it was late and you were worn out, or would you have seen her and sent her away with a pardon for her son's life?'"

Had Lee's Confidence.

At a dinner in Lexington soon after the war Gen. Lee said that he had fixed upon Malone as his successor in command of the Confederate forces. "If I had been killed," Lee is reported to have said, "Gen. Mahone would have succeeded me in command." This incident is related in an autograph letter from J. Horace Lacey, reproduced in Ben Butler's autobiography. The truth of the statement has been questioned by Gen. Mahone's enemies in Virginia, but no one has ever produced a reasonable denial, while every one, even the severest of his enemies, has acknowledged the high esteem in which Mahone was held by Lee.

Mahone was a civil engineer by profession. He brought into use in every engagement the skill he had gained in this calling at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he had been graduated in 1847. He was an organizer of men. Those who fought by his side say he conducted himself in battle just as if he were going about an important piece of engineering. He was always calm and self-possessed, and the precision and deliberation which he employed were ever successful agencies in his career.

When he first entered the Southern army he was an almost hopeless dyspeptic. He had suffered for many years the uncertain and untimely effects of that exasperating malady. He thought he should have fresh milk every day in the field, for it had formed a part of his diet at home, so he took a cow into the army and carried the beast with him all through the war.

Gen. Mahone often related the annoyances the cow caused him. One time Gen. Lee came to him after the cow had been in the way and said: "General, you will have to leave that cow behind."

"I cannot do it, sir," Mahone replied. "If we cannot get along with the cow I will have to resign."

So the cow remained, and she was actually at Gen. Mahone's camp on the memorable April day when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. Gen. Mahone took the animal home to Petersburg afterward.

The General was noted also in the army for the complete household outfit he carried. With cooking utensils he was particularly well supplied, and he afterward often boasted that he lived as well in the army as he lived in Washington. He had supplied his camp wagons with a full outfit of bedding and household contrivances, and, though the war was a perpetual "moving day" for him, he often said that if he had another war to go through he would do the same way.—St. Louis Republic.

Curious Battle Scene.

At the battle of Stone River, during the Southern war, while the men were lying waiting behind the crest, a brace of frantic wild turkeys so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. The birds and rabbits were also in great fright. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of the little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to the soldiers lying down in line, nesting under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of complete distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most singular spectacles ever seen on a battlefield. It is another of the exceptional incidents that belong to annals of war.

Could Stop His Carving.

After the battle of Gettysburg, a corps under the command of a young physician, whose knowledge of surgery was very limited, was ordered to collect the wounded. Among the disabled was a very young man, who had been shot through the leg. The disciple of Esculapius proceeded to get his knife to work, and after cutting for a half-hour was interrupted by the young soldier with: "Say, how much longer are you going to cut?" "Until I get the bullet," replied the doctor. "Why, you goshdarned fool, if that's what you want, I've got it in my pocket." Sure enough, the bullet had lodged in the skin of the man's leg after passing through, and he had kept it as a souvenir.

One of the public schools of Marmouth, Me., has thirteen pupils, the oldest being 13 years old, and this is the teachers thirteenth term in the school. All the pupils of the school are well and doing well, and the school is making a more than usually good record, notwithstanding superstitions about thirteen.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

The Great Explorer Tells of His First Journey Down the River.

The geographical world was anxious to know what was this mysterious river the quest of which had occupied Livingstone's declining years. The London Daily Telegraph joined with the New York Herald in defraying the cost of this second expedition. The story of how I set out a second time from Zanzibar, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, discovered Lake Albert Edward, voyaged around Lake Tanganyika, and reached Livingstone's farthest point—Nyangwe—on the banks of the Lualaba, has been told in detail in my book "Through the Dark Continent." It also relates how, after a tedious land journey parallel with the river, I made ready my English boat, collected about a score of native canoes, embarked my followers, and how, after a course of nearly 1,800 miles, we reached the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the Congo. By this river voyage the question which had puzzled Livingstone for eleven years was solved. It is a noticeable fact that when I began my descent of the Congo I was the only white man—excepting my companion, Frank Pocock—to be found between the Zambesi and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and between Zanzibar and the Lower Congo.

It may easily be understood why, on returning from the discovery of the great African waterway, I should be anxious that England should avail herself of it. In 1816 England had dispatched a naval expedition under Capt. Tuckey to ascend the Congo, but it terminated disastrously 200 miles inland. In 1873 Capt. Grandy, another English officer, had attempted the task. In 1876 Admiral Hewitt's expedition had suppressed the pirates of the Lower Congo. For over sixty years England had kept watch over the Congo slaves. Half of the expenses of my expedition had been contributed in England. She was also rich, tender, and just toward the natives, and her people were the best colonizers in the world. All these facts were, in my opinion, claims that might justify England in stepping forward and taking possession.—Century.

One Phase of City Life.

The well fed and prosperous, who accept the wine and honey of life as a matter of course, do not comprehend that many thousands of hard working, active, healthy, energetic, bustling people live for a whole day upon the price of a plate of oysters in a fashionable restaurant. Let one man—a letter carrier—speak for himself: "I have three meals a day—coffee, cakes, and either ham or beans or corned beef and beans at each meal, at a cost of not more than 20 cents a meal. They give you bread and butter with the meat, and a fellow has plenty to eat in three such meals. If hard pushed he can get along on thirty-two cents a day with two meals, with meat, beans, bread and coffee at each. I have known chaps who have been idle for a long time, to live upon twenty cents a day—corned beef, beans, bread and butter, and water for one meal, and pie and coffee at the other in the evening. A fellow could live all winter on those two meals if he didn't have to juggle cases and barrels and bales of cotton or do heavy work." Thus it may be seen that a man need not starve, even if he must depend upon the restaurants for his meals, if he has a dollar and forty cents a week to spend on food.

A Government Monopoly.

Salt is a government monopoly in Italy, and its cost is greater than that of sugar. Every one uses it very carefully, therefore. It is only for sale in the tobacco shops; and the privilege of keeping these is greatly coveted, being a sort of sinecure awarded to men who in other countries would receive a pension for government service. The quantity contained in one of our ten-cent bags of fine table salt would cost in Italy eighty cents; in consequence of this, only very coarse rock salt is used in cooking. The waters of the Mediterranean being the source of the supply the government guards them most jealously, and the whole coast is patrolled by soldiers. With the water of the blue sea at the foot of your garden terrace, you may not dip from them so much as a pint! You may bathe in the surf, but you may not fill an ounce vial from which to bath your tired eyes in your room! The American tourist finds these restrictions particularly irksome. There can be no villas on the shores of the Mediterranean provided with salt water in their bath-rooms as are some of our luxurious Newport homes.

Horse Car Puzzled Her.

There is a curious suggestion in this story of a little Brooklyn girl who was born about the time trolley cars came into use and who has just made a visit to New York with her father. As both started to cross Park row several horse cars passed. Elsie's eyes opened wide, and with surprise and wonder in every word she exclaimed: "Oh, papa! Why do they have horses to the street cars?" "Why, because—er, because—why, these are horse cars, of course, Elsie," was papa's lame explanation. The situation staggered him, and he began musing on the swiftness of time's changes, as he contemplated a rising generation that knew not horse cars. He had just become accustomed to the new fangled horseless cars, and here was some one to whom horse cars were as novel as a stage coach would be to him.

Easily Removed.

Light single railroads on which large wheelbarrows run are beginning to be used on French farms. The rails are fastened to small iron crosspieces, the ends joined by fish plates, and can be easily put in place and removed. The trucks can be drawn by horses or men and are balanced by a heavy crowbar, held by the man who pushes them.